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## The Middlebury Register

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### A Beautiful Picture.

BY J. G. SAXE.

Ah! well I mind me of a child,  
A gloomy, lovely maid,  
Who came, with constant step, to church,  
In costly garb arrayed,

And knelt her down full solemnly,  
And penitently prayed.

And oft, when church was done, I mark'd

That little maiden near,  
This pleasant spot, with hand in hand.

As you are sitting here—

She read the story of the Cross,  
And wept weep grief sincere.

Years rolled away—and I beheld

The child to woman grown;

Her shock was fair, and her eye  
With brighter lustre shone;

But childhood's truth and innocence  
Were still the maiden's own.

I never sang a morrier psal,  
Than when a joyous bride,

She stood beneath the gentle bough,

A noble youth beside,

And plighted her maiden troth,

In maiden love and pride.

I never tolled a deeper knell,

Than when in after years,

They bid her in the churchyard here,

Where this low mound appears—

The very grave my boy that you

Are watering now with tears?

"Is it thy mother's gentle boy,

That claims this tale of mine—

Then art a flower, whose fatal birth

Destined the parent vice!

A precious flower thou art, my child—

TWO LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR THESE

"One was thy sainted mother's, when  
She gave thee man & birth;

And one thy Saviour's, when in death,

He shook the solid earth;

God! how, and live us may both!

The life's exceeding worth!"

The boy awoke as from a dream,  
And thoughtful looked around,

But nothing saw, save at his feet,

His mother's lowly mound;

And by its side that ancient Bell  
Had hidden in the ground!

The Young Jew of Tunis.

FROM DICKENS' "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

People are glad to be assured that an  
interesting story is true. The following  
history was communicated to the writer  
by a friend, residing in the East, who  
had it from the French Consul himself.

It reminds one of the Arabian Nights.

They were married, and for twelve  
months Ibrahim lived with his wife in  
great splendor and apparent happiness.

At the end of that time he professed to  
be called to Tunis by indispensable business,

which would require his presence for  
some time. His wife made no opposition,

though she was sorry to lose him, and wished to accompany him; but  
he professed, and departed alone,

taking with him a good supply of mon-

ey.

He again presented himself to the  
French Consul at Tunis, who was surprised

at the change in his appearance.

His vest of dappled silk, brocaded with  
gold, was girded around the waist; his ampu-

lous trousers of fine cloth were met by red  
moorocco boots; a Cashmere shawl, of the  
most radiant colors, was twisted round

his head; his beard, carefully trimmed,

tell half way down his breast; a jeweled  
dagger hung in his girdle; and an ample  
beroumee worn over all, gave an addi-

tional grace to his appearance, while it  
served to conceal his rich attire, which  
had exceeded the license of the sad-edged  
garments prescribed by law to the  
Jews.

He lost no time in repairing to the  
house of Rebecca. She was still unmar-

ried, and again he made his proposals;

this time it was with more success. He  
had all the appearance of a man of high

and consideration; and the riches which he  
had hitherto displayed, took their due

effect. He had enjoyed a good character  
when he lived at Tunis before, and they  
took it for granted that he had done  
nothing to forfeit it. They asked no  
questions how his riches had been ob-

tained, but gave him Rebecca in mar-

riage.

At the end of six months, the French  
Consul received inquiries from Algiers  
about Ibrahim; his wife, it was said, had  
been sold into slavery.

One day, as he was driving his ass-laden

with water up a narrow street, he  
met a cavalcade of women riding (as  
usual in that country) upon donkeys, cov-

ered with sumptuous housings.

He drew on one side to allow them to pass

by, but a string of camels coming up at

the same instant, there ensued some confu-

sion. The veil of one of the women  
became slightly deranged, and Ibrahim  
caught sight of a lovely countenance.

He contrived to ascertain who the lady  
was, and where she lived. She was

Rebecca, the only daughter of a wealth-

y Jewish merchant.

From this time, Ibrahim had but one

thought—that of becoming rich enough

to demand Rebecca in marriage.

He had acquired a villa, a villa arranged

in the style of a Persian residence,

and his wife was a Persian residence.

He had furnished it with the choicest

articles.

He had given his wife a sum of money

large enough to buy a villa.

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